

## Select Miscellany.

## WHAT THE TRAVELER SAID AT SUNSET.

The shadows grow and deepen round me;  
I feel the dew-fall in the air;  
The murmur of the darkening thicket,  
I hear the night-bird call to prayer.  
The evening wind is sad with farewell,  
And loving hands unclasp from mine;  
Alone I go to meet the darkness  
Across an awful boundary-line.  
As from the lighted hearth behind me  
I pass with slow, reluctant feet,  
What waits me in the land of strangeness?  
What face shall smile, what voice shall greet?  
What space shall awe, what brightness blind me?  
What thunder-roll of music stun?  
What vast procession sweep before me  
Of shapes unknown beneath the sun?  
I shrink from unaccustomed glory,  
I dread the myriad-voiced strain;  
Give me the forgotten faces,  
And let my lot once speak again.  
He will not chide my mortal yearning  
Who is our brother and our friend,  
In whose full life, divine and human,  
The heavenly and the earthly blend.  
Mine be the joy of soul-communion,  
The sense of spiritual strength renewed,  
The reverence for the pure and holy,  
The dear delight of doing good.  
No fitting ear is mine to listen  
An endless anthem's rise and fall;  
No curious eye is mine to measure  
The poet's gaze and the jasper wall.  
For love must needs be more than knowledge;  
What matter if I never know  
Why Aldebaran's star is ruddy,  
Or colder Sirius white as snow?  
Forgive my human words, O Father!  
I go thy larger truth to prove;  
Thy mercy shall transmute my longing;  
I seek but love, and thou art Love!  
I go to find my lost and mourned for,  
Safe in thy sheltering goodness still,  
And all that hope and faith forebode  
Made perfect in thy holy will.  
—J. G. Whittier, in Independent.

## The Gambler's Wife.

"What new beauty have we here, Carl?" I asked, taking a small colored picture from among the mass of papers, pamphlets, wrapping paper, etc., that covered the table and floor of the library, and which would have told plainly enough to all acquaintances that Carl was at home once more, after this, his longest ramble in foreign lands, without the corroborating testimony of cigar smoke, or the lounging figure in the old rocking-chair.  
For this brother of mine never spent over six months of the year in the beautiful country home of his childhood, giving the other six to whatever place or people he sought most entertainment on short notice. The last three months had been spent in Paris, so I conjectured the little gem of art I held in my hand was a French beauty; the pure outlines and exquisite complexion looking most lifelike as they smiled up at me from the tinted card. But, notwithstanding the great beauty of contour and feature, there was a frightened, almost haunted, look in the dark eyes, that told of tragedy, or at least anticipated it.  
"Who is she, Carl? The eyes affect me strangely, with their wild, frightened look. There is a reign of terror in them equal to the one her ancestors passed through. I almost see the shadow of the guillotine in their velvety depths."  
"Let me see; ah, my little sister, may you never know so hard a fate as this poor girl encountered and succumbed to. No, she is not French—a Russian—but married to a Frenchman." And Carl took the picture from my hand, and placed it on a small easel above his desk. "I will tell you about her, Louis, if you have an hour, and I will tell why I told you."  
"It was while Tom Barnes was with me last June, and when we left Versailles for Paris, that I first saw Madame Littere, though I think the name an assumed one. We had to run to prevent being left, I remember, and Barnes, out of humor because of it, plunged his face into his book, and left me to my own resources.  
"As soon as I was comfortably settled, I, as usual, began scrutinizing my traveling companions, and to try to imagine who and what they were. There were four besides ourselves in the carriage. One, a quiet, middle-aged Englishman, who was soon asleep in his corner. The two who sat next myself were evidently husband and wife, though he paid her none of the attention and politeness usually accorded in public, even if dispensed with privately. He was a pale, quiet man of twenty-five, perhaps, richly but quietly dressed, and seemingly taking no notice of any one around him. The wife, too, was pale, and much as she looked there in that little picture. Her dress, though simple, was perfect, and evidently the production of some first-rate artist. Her whole style proclaimed her at once to be long to the higher order of society.  
"She seemed to be suffering, and frequently put her hand to her forehead; and I observed upon the delicately-formed, unglowed hand a costly diamond. It was a beauty, and I enjoyed looking at the flashing gems as she caressed a small English dog that often looked up at her with affectionate recognition.  
"The other passenger I could not make out at all. He was elderly, commonly dressed, and with scant gray hair and heavy whiskers. His piercing eyes were frequently placed on the silent young married couple, and then he seemed as utterly oblivious of them as they of him. What was his nationality? Was he with them, or a stranger like myself? I could not tell. And the more I looked the more uncertain I became. I thought, too, there seemed an effort at disguise. He kept his face averted all he could, consistent with his watchfulness of the quiet, young husband that he at times eyed so very secretly.  
"We sped along over the beautiful road, each absorbed in his own reflections, broken only by an occasional low sigh from the lady as it was raked from one to another. The train stopped, and as none of my companions showed any disposition to move first, I aroused Barnes from the depths of his romance, and we left the carriage.  
"Dinner over, we went to the theatre, and afterward, by the persuasion of a friend, to a private gambling house. I was greatly surprised on entering, to see my elderly traveling companion seated at the table, his eyes and manner keen as ever, and deep in a game of roulette at night. It was early yet, and very few people were present; but every sound was hushed, and the game went on in dead silence, broken only by the voices of the dealers calling the result of the games, and the rattling of the gold as it was raked from one to another. The old man seemed in luck for the time being, and won every game. I thought a gleam of satisfaction shone over his face as the door opened and our other traveling acquaintance from Versailles—the quiet, careless husband—entered and sat down to play.  
"My whole attention was given to those two. The young man lost from the first

deal. Rouleau after rouleau was swept from the table by his watchful old opponent; but still he played on. The large sums he lost, and his pale, excited face, deeply interested me, and I stayed on and watched him until late at night, when he left the room, his last Napoleon gone.  
"After supping at a coffee-house, I went back to my room at the hotel, but for some cause could not sleep. The heat was oppressive and my room small; besides, the game I had been watching had excited me strangely, and I only fell into a troubled sleep near morning.  
"I was awakened about daylight by voices in the adjoining room—those of a man and woman, evidently. The man's voice was low and pleading, and the woman seemed to be crying. I could hear enough to understand that she was refusing him some request, for his tones became loud and threatening, and at last I heard him say:  
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"Something tells me I shall win tonight, and I must have the ring."  
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"The man's voice was so choked with passion that his words were inarticulate, but with a burst of wild anger he left, slamming the door after him. The woman's sobs became lower, her crying ceased, and I fell into another nap, not waking until near ten o'clock.  
"I saw neither of my gambling acquaintances that day, and the night found me again at Monsieur Carlo's rooms. The old man was again on hand—not satisfied, I thought, with his winnings of the night before—and again I saw a gleam of satisfaction cross his face as his victim of the previous evening came in and got ready to play.  
"Make your game—the game is made up," cried the dealer, and was about to deal the cards when the young man who had just entered called out in a loud voice:  
"Fifty Napoleons upon the red!"  
"Seeing he placed no money upon the table, the croupier paused a moment, then said:  
"Sir, you must stake the money."  
The gambler started and turned paler than ever, a long, shuddering sigh drawn from him as he felt first in one pocket, then in another, and finally grasped his hat and fled from the room.  
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"Suddenly the door opened and he ran in, as if fleeing for his life. I shall never forget that sight, Louis. His face was ghastly, disordered, and he trembled as though with ague. As he rushed up to the table, in the strong glare of lights, I saw great drops of perspiration standing on his brow. He thrust his hand in his pocket and tossed a ring down before his opponent.  
"There! it is worth ten thousand francs. Now cover my stakes," he cried.  
"I instantly recognized the beautiful diamond as the one his wife had worn in the cars, and the conversation I had heard that morning came back to my memory, and I knew my fellow-travelers were the man and woman I had heard disputing in the early morning hours. But he had succeeded in overcoming her determination, for he had the ring, and my heart ached for the poor wife, as I wondered how he had obtained it.  
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"Suddenly the door opened and he ran in, as if fleeing for his life. I shall never forget that sight, Louis. His face was ghastly, disordered, and he trembled as though with ague. As he rushed up to the table, in the strong glare of lights, I saw great drops of perspiration standing on his brow. He thrust his hand in his pocket and tossed a ring down before his opponent.  
"There! it is worth ten thousand francs. Now cover my stakes," he cried.  
"I instantly recognized the beautiful diamond as the one his wife had worn in the cars, and the conversation I had heard that morning came back to my memory, and I knew my fellow-travelers were the man and woman I had heard disputing in the early morning hours. But he had succeeded in overcoming her determination, for he had the ring, and my heart ached for the poor wife, as I wondered how he had obtained it.  
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